

Blood Hound (feat. Young Buck of G-Unit)

50 Cent

G-Unit, UTP
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
G-Unit, UTP, G-Unit, UTP
G-Unit, UTP, 50 Cent, get 'em Buck, man 50 Cent, that's my name, man I ain't fucking playing
I move on you with that Mac, mane
Come off that watch and chain 'fore I blow out your brains
Shells hit your chest, go out your back, mane
See me I put in work, man, I been doing dirt for so long
Then niggas get laid out
Niggas run through my crib to holla at the kid
That's when I start bringing them thangs out
Then we go through the strip hanging up out the whip
Dumping clips off at their whole clique, mane
When witnesses around they know how we get down
So when the cops come they ain't see shit, mane
My soldiers slanging 'caine, sunny, snowy, sleet or rain
Come through the hood and you can cop that
I'm sittin' on some change, G-Unit that's the gang
Come through here stunting you get popped at I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats, but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glock
Love to bust shots, but you don't hear me though I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
Love to squeeze gats, but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glock
Love to bust shots, but you don't hear me though I came in this game knowing niggas gon' hate me
Just for the simple fact they know that I'm a rider
I got a hell of a aim, I keep on telling you, mane
I swear ain't nobody gon' find ya
When I get lifted I'm tempted to tear your block up
Your niggas can't run cause I'm behind ya
Me and Chili in your city with a couple nine-milli's
You better stay in line, bro
Cause if I walk it I'll talk it, you know we'll walk up and pop it
I love the sound of gunfire, bro
Right now we smacking 'em with platinum
And they hate it cause we made it, that's what we keep that iron for
I represent it cause I'm in it, UTP until I'm finished
Juvenile, they can't stop us and I admit it I live it
I'll knock a baller off his pivot with this motherfucking chopper I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped

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Love to squeeze gats, but you don't hear me though
I love to hit the block, I love my two Glocks
Love to bust shots, but you don't hear me though My twenty-inches spinning, you always see me grinning
And you hear niggas call me grimy
They hit me with them bricks and I ain't pay 'em shit
I'm outta town, they can't find me
When I come back around, man, I'mma back 'em down
I run up busting that TEC, mane
If you ain't got a gun and you can't fucking run
My advice is you hit the deck, mane
But if you get away and come back another day
My soldiers'll leave you wet, mane
Cause we know where you be and we know where you stay
And we'll come checking through your set, mane
Man, you heard what I said, now get it in your head
I ain't paying no fucking debt, mane
Cause you's a middle man, what you don't understand?
You's a fucking fake ass connect, mane I love to pump crack, love to stay strapped
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Songwriters

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